

Glorious Glimmerings
OF THE
L I F E
OF
LOVE, UNITY,
And pure JOY.

*Common
Commending*

Written in Rome Prison of Madmen
in the Year 1660. but conserved as in
Obscurity until my arrival at Bar-
bados in the year 1662.

From whence it is sent the second time to the
Lord's Lambs,

By F. P.

LONDON, Printed for Robert Willson. 1663.

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From whence it is to the second time to the
Lord's Prison.

By J. P. -

Printed by J. P. -



JOHN the Prisoner for the Witness of the Power
of G O D in the blessed Tribulation, Patience, Content
and Peace of the Lamb, To the sanctified heavenly
Flock of Gods only and alone Pasture, in the Bowels,
which is a daily Supplication and Intercession, most in-
ternal Salvation, &c.

THe Magnificency of the Most Mighty, and his Supremacy
stands on high in Dominion over all things; So Omni-
potent is his Essence in all his Purposes and Passages,
that if he but thinketh of Vindications, Nations are scattered
before him; or, if He but steppeth among Kings and Princes in the
Jealousie of his Displeasure, and spurneth with his foot at their
Thrones, As the storms of the East wind rooteth up the lofty trees
of the Mountain of the Forest, even so he in a sudden becomes their
Seats, besides the foundation of their Palaces sinks down as a Wall
which the openings of an Earthquake hath swallowed in her hungry
womb, who reduceth the banks of Pride and Munitions of Arro-
gancy unto the destiny of a fall, into the gaping Gulf of the mouth
of exceeding Misery.

*Let Mountains now be bent to rock like Oceans Noises,
And let the Rocks be rent, converted into Voices:
For how can Stones but speak, with Iron, Steel and Brass?
And Adamants but bristle at what a voice he speaks?
And should in our set home forth sound of his Reverence
Whose glorious mighty Power Eternity doth reveal?
For how not be made Ours, with Stones and Bars to sing,
Like as the chanting Founts harmonious tones in Spring?
And Eagles he and his shall both to him their prey
Two Turtle-Doves if he in still'st skinning day
And how not be the Bear, the Panther and the Lion,
In substance must appear like Lambs in holy Sion?*

And by his Mercy rich transform'd the Serpents sting,
 Into a Verruc which from Death to Life doth bring;
 And made of Rocks a Fountain, and Stones refreshing streams,
 And of a Grain a Mountain, and Darkness Orion's Beams;
 And made of puddle mire, a Lapid Pond of pleasure,
 Whence Fishes joy, in fire, ascend exceeding measure.
 He turn'd the biddous Night into a glorious Day,
 And cut through clouds a Light, and Hills a Level way.
 And made a Seed a Sheaf, the Sick a Sound, and Strong weak;
 The Blind to see, and Deaf to hear, and Dumb to speak;
 And Wine did purely sever from mud, which man did mingle,
 Which is enough for ever to make all ears to tingle.

Sure whilst I meditate his glorious Wonders,
 The Heavens praise Him with the sounds of Thunders.
 The Stars with Hymns harmonious abound,
 And each bright Cloud like a Trump doth sound.
 The showers of Rain melodious Message bring,
 And Dews descend with tunes of Crystal string.
 The Rainbow's bent with Viol strings above,
 Shooting her Musick Shafts of Quivers Love,
 Which fly through Heav'n with loud Organs sound,
 Which opens Seas, deeps, sea and rents the ground.
 These Influences dropping down like Showers,
 And piercing through my Vitals, over powers
 My Soul with Solace, and on Wings doth carry
 Her up above, in Melody to marry
 Sweet Pleiades, who gathers with embraces
 Her in his Arms of his Supernal Graces;
 Whose virtuous Breath, like Brooks, doth overflow
 His own Plantation in the Valley low,
 Which makes the Seed spring up, and Plants to flourish
 In all her Branches, which the Root doth nourish;
 And each green Bough with fruits of Joy doth bend
 At Blessings root, that Joyer may never end.
 Ah! thou the Building founded on the Rock,
 Whose Door Art engine never can unlock,
 Nor can thy Scituation by fierce blusters
 Be shaken; nor can Force which Pharaoh musters,

Drawn

Drawn up with roaring Cannons for to prove
 The substance of thy Walls which Hell can't move;
 Cause thy Inhabitants as Wind to waiver
 But they in war sweet Songs to Lutes do quaver,
 Whom Combats crown with conquest by the might
 Of God, who for them doth the Battle fight;
 For he's Victorious, under whose bless'd Banner
 They are preserv'd in secur'st manner;
 Who rustles in the Woods among the Trees;
 And makes his foes drop down like smother'd Bees;
 There's no Enchantments, nay, nor Wizards charms,
 Can Him withstand, nor forces of Hostile Arms;
 Who makes his Opposites in blood to wallow,
 And smite in gaps, them greedily to swallow;
 Therefore, ye Sons, your Instruments prepare,
 With strained strings, most exquisitely rare,
 And sweetly tun'd, with Musics whet most sharp,
 Our God's Ransom, and Praise thereon to harp;
 Since from his hand, abundantly your Souls
 Have drunk Salvation up like Wine in bowls,
 And made you eat of Adversities, numberless;
 And cloth'd you with Compassions in distress:
 And let his Glory be your meditations,
 And his high Honour all your contemplations;
 For such effects will sure produce increase
 Of Joy and Gladness joy'd to endless Peace.

And now the countenances of an illustrious Off-spring, and com-
 line's of a numberless train of the most enamoured beautiful Vir-
 gins, doth compass my waste, as with the girdings of a cincture of
 ravishment; to whom (though I have but the weakness of utter-
 ance, and feebleness of stammering expressions, yet with the sin-
 cerity of a simple soul, and fervency of a burning spirit) I am im-
 pulsively constrained to vocifere, although but through the smallest
 Organ of the Quire, saying to my beloved, *O ye enamoured Daugh-
 ters of Jerusalem, and Sons of Sions King!* in whom the Righteous-
 ness of his Majesty is revealed, and the Wisdom of his Holiness
 from

from above, to seek an entrance of utterance towards you; I may wisely first interrogate, saying, How may I utter? or, in what manner may I paraphrase to render you an ample proportioned Remonstrance of that Love of our only Father, which is locked up (as mine everlasting debt, and your peculiar treasure) in the most secret Cabinet of my inner Closet, reserved for the day of your service: Verily nothing can open it, as it is, besides the Key of the Kingdom within you, nor declare it, as it ought to be spoken, but the tongue of the Learned which is given you; and being declared, not an ear can hear it, save that of the Lamb without spot; or, if it were printed on Parchment, or engraven on Brass, not an eye could discern the perspicuity of the Characters, so as to give a voice of fluency of the liberal sound thereof, except the tender Eye of the *Turtle-Dove*, whose Sight is a searcher into secrets; in all which you are known unto me; by whom I am perfectly received, and manifestly understood, as the Savory Voice of your Beloved, instantly and intimately with you, in the dearest conjunction of Eternity, which must never end: for as fuel which is cast into flames, yieldeth out the same natural effect of fervours; and as Gold that is melted with Gold, imbodyes in an entire weight, so am I in Unity with you: And as the Rivers of *Canaan* are four everlasting Witnesses of conjunction, the one of Milk, the other of Honey, another of Wine, and the other of Oyl, imbodying in one Pond; and from thence running forth in one entire and irresistible current, which no man can stop to extract the sweetness thereof; Such, even such, is the individual relation of my contract and betrothing with you: *Yes*, and as *Amber of Salt* which is cast into the Sea, and dissolved in her womb in the Western part, and a Voice saith unto the Son of Man in the East, *Arise, and go to the West*, and by just separation, gather me the distinct drops of *thumulus of Saltnich* etc. dissolved in the utmost quarter of the *Western Ocean*: And be assured that, saying, *It is a thing altogether impossible for me to do*: Such is my entrance in the bowels of your body; as a drop of Saviour and a dram of Sweetness within you, in the Union, as blood to blood in your veins, and marrow to marrow in your bones: *Yes*, greater than this is my Covenant with you, with you, with you: *Oh my Seed of the Lord of lords! O ye Daughters of the King of Kings, O ye of the most high God of gods*, wherein I can never be separated from you: For in the government of the night is given in contrast to then the

the Moon, and as light is joyned to the Morning-Star; yes, and as the brightness of the day is imbodied in the Sun; so even so are your ravishing braills my bed, where I frequently rest without travels, and repose without sense of sorrows: And after all this, though I dwell in the Banqueting-house where the Dainties are spread before me, and am sealed with the signet of Love, and have swallowed up the streams of the Fountain of Charity and Affection, like forcible floods; nevertheless, I find an insufficiency in my self, to tell you the greatest things of the indissolvable Bonds of mine everlasting Relation unto you, which verily is exceeding good both for you and for me, that we all as one may alwayes and evermore know our God alone, to be the wisest of all Counselors and Instructors, speaking to us and teaching us his Oracles in the secrets, when the external Voice neither soundeth nor reacheth unto us.

And Oh! Oh thou *Jerusalem!* the holy City of the Lord thy God, X
 This is the Word of thy Creator unto thee, who hath raised thee of a little stone, unto the proportion of the most immovable Mountain in the Globe of the whole Earth, and made thy Walls an everlasting safety, and thy Gates the entrance of joyfulness: I the Lord, the Most Mighty, will yet make the Coverings of thy Habitations, as a Glory of the greatest Dignity, and Crowns of the highest Royalty; for they shall be a resplendency of a transcending Light; reaching into the Chambers of the seventh Heavens; and the glitterings of the very Pavements of thy Streets, shall be as torches like flaming Hills; giving a thorow light unto the profoundest deeps of the Oceans: For loe, there shall be no more Earth between thee & the Chrystal Seas, nor yet an Element between thee and the upper Heavens: Moreover the day cometh unto the fruits of thy blessed Womb, that among them the walls of thy reach shall be no more counted nor called a confine; for they shall infinitely run over the utmost limitation of the space of place; and it shall be unto them which walk in thy streets, that they shall but look thereon; and though running as in a race, yet shall read, perceive, and understand the wonders of thy Creator, which are hid in the deeps; and through the brightness of them which have an everlasting illumination over all waters; they shall see the playes of the Fishes, and the joycings of their scooles in a smooth Sea without storms: For the Winds of the Winter shall cease for ever, and a tranquility

of the entire Body of all the Constellations, shall cover her face without end; and the dwellers of thy habitations shall call the name of thy Streets; *The Prospective Glass of the Counsels of the Omnipotent Majesty, which shewes a perfection of felicity without the resemblance or form of figures.*

Oh! thou Beauty of Beauties, on whose face the most illustrious Splendor of Splendors is spread; the very twinkling of thine eye, as the glimpse of a countenance cast over me, catches away my soul, as in the talants of Rapture, bearing me in a fiery Cloud. O God, let therefore the Ravishments, wherewith She hath ravished me, become Raptures of Rerings of the souls of her Seed, in the superabundant solace of my spirit; and if my pleasures be not of a sufficiency equivalent to their stature, then let my body be broken as bread, and my bowels powred out as brooks, and let me walk hungry for the better things, and return as an empty picher to the *Fountain of Waters*, that yet in a little, I may be a help to the least, which are the darling Children of her Womb.

Now, Oh ye Babes of the early Day: this I have to say unto you, in the life and springing of the Light from on High, in which, through the blessed Birth, under the tediousness of the travel thereof, you have obtained a nearer and dearer Calling of Childhood, than that of an Adoption unto Heirship: Think ye (my dear and tender Sisters and Brethren) and gather the Ponders in your selves of the sweetest Banquets and choicest Wine, of the most melodious Musick, delightfulest Pleasures, and greatest Joyes; yea, wind your selves by Instruments, and line unto the deepest bottoms, and ascend by the highest ladder of your choicest Contemplations, in the utmost strength of every sense of Joyes; And when you have said to your selves, thou canst not descend a degree lower, nor ascend a step higher, then read in your selves the answer of your Beloved, which testifieth to the face of faithfulness of every holy life, As the first Heavens is above the lowest earth, and the third Heavens above the firmament of the first, even so shall the sense be, exceeding every sense of that which now is, and all shall be enjoyed in the perfect joy of the possession of Perpetuity for ever.

And therefore run my Darlings in the Race of Righteousness, so as to reach the Mark with the Recompence, and comfort your selves and one another with these sayings.

Come

Come ye least of Babes, and leap up into the tenderness of my
 bosome; that I may bear you up into the Mountain of *Zion*, which
 is waxed exceeding mighty in the midst of your Mother, where you
 may turn on the top thereof, and behold the Rayes of her glory com-
 passing you: Ah rouse your eye at the Motion of my finger, which
 pointeth at the emphasis of a Remnant of her Ornaments and Fea-
 tures, that you may be refreshed with a gracious gladness in her
 Glory: For her hair is the Rain of the Clouds which watereth the
 Plants in Spring, and maketh the buds of the Garden shoot forth into
 flowers, and gives the Roses the fragrant odours; the beds of Spices
 have Myrrh in their dropings, and the ground of their plantation gives
 the fruits of her goodness, as a congratulating present to the Gardener;
 when she combs her head, the Dews do fall, which refresh the
 grass of the field, and make the Earth to smile with Rejoycings, whilst
 she attires her with the Garments of green, trimming her with the
 Blossoms of fruitful trees, and attiring her with the Ornaments of
 Jewels, and Pendencies on Vine-branches: Her Face is as the *Ma-
 ridian Sun*, which giveth light unto the ends of the Earth: Her Eye
 is as the Beams of the rising of *Orion*, which pierceth thorow the
 crevices of the doors of obscurity and darkness; Her Mouth is the
 door of the treasures of Counsel, where Wisdom and Life is con-
 served; Her Tongue is the Key which unlocks the Graves,
 and opens the jaws of the Seas; She calleth with her Voice from the
 scituation of her Rest, and they vomit up their dead before her; She
 breatheth on bones and skulls, and they rise upon their feet and walk
 in the strength of revived men; Her Hands are the bountifulness of
 Blessings, which fill up the baskets of the Obedient; Her Arms are
 an endless compass of Compassions, which reach to the ransomed with
 refreshments; to the Sores of the wounded she is a Salve of Salva-
 tion; for her Medicine is the multitude of Mercies; Her Breasts
 are like Hills of refined Gold, which as fountains of unemptible ful-
 ness, are an everlasting streaming of the most precious Vertue of
 Life; he which layeth his head in her bosome, his hair becomes as a
 Wood of *Pomegranate Trees*, which are laden in a fruitful year, and
 the leaves of his boughs become dropping with Myrrh, as with showers
 of the early Rain; She is clothed with the spreadings of the Hea-
 vens, which have not a confine of space; Her Mantle is wrought
 with all the Constellations, as with a needle by the hand of Art: She

is girded with the Rainbow of God, as the Child which is wrapped in swadling; She is laced with the cord of the Covenant, which is called the *Meridian Line*; Her Skirts are trimmed with the spangles of Lightenings, which astonisheth the Beasts of the field; Ah! how amiable is her Countenance, and her Attirements, wherewith she hath decked her self! verily, of such a transparent nature of the excellency of illustrious Glory are they, that it's altogether unfathomable by the longest line of every comprehensible capacity, to reach in the Currents of his Conceptions; and notwithstanding her unparallel'd resplendency, yet is she totally veiled from the vulturous eye, as with Pillars of the blackest Clouds of most hideous darkness, and fire which burns within them.

But, O ye her first-fruits unto God! look, look into her superabounding Basket, and behold the Crop of her Clusters of her Vineyard, which are gathered in the first year of the Vintage, and cast your eye into the house of her Winepress, that you may see the multitude and blessings of her increase, where the Fats are overrunning as floods, and the influences of Oyl as Rivers: And then after all this, yea, and much more than all this, which I have spread but as a napkin before you, say unto your souls within you, If the Glory of our Mother be so illustrious in her externals, and outer parts, Ah! What is her resplendency within? If such is her Hand, what is her heart? if such is her bosome, what are her Bowels? if such is her Visage, what are her Vitals? if such be the sound of her Voice, Ah, what is the Solace of her Soul? and if such is the radiancy of her Eye, what is the glory of her Spirit? Verily, though I see in the Vertue of her dignity an excellency and magnificency, yea, and glory potential, covered with all supremacy, which in the Spirit also is utterable within me, transcending all (as far as the East is from the West) what ever my pen hath characterized, even in such an ample, spacious, vast and infinitely unequalled manner, exceeding all Orations of the wisest Orators, and Poems of the profoundest Poets, which are Sons of *Achisophel's* Seed; yet must I cease for a season, that the Lambs may learn and read the beauty of her ravishing Visiognomy within them; assuredly knowing that herewith the very life of my spirit (as a key of Oracles) shall fly hence (as with the Wings of Lightening) and pitch upon many, as the Dove of the Ark on the *Olive Tree*, and rest in them as the Lord of an everlasting

lasting Sabbath of Joy, which shall reveal unto them the riches of her Glory, yea, and draw them also (as it hath my tender Soul) into an endless and unsearchable labyrinth of loss, amidst the numberless odoriferous Flowers of the over-spreading Pleasures of her Life.

Yet thus may I interrogate my soul within me, saying, Canst thou waste thy fulness, or count the drops of thy bottle prodigally spent (as water that is spilt on a stone) which is poured out upon so blessed a Seed?

And she responsively resolves with a Nay, saying, *

I never can in waste spend this my treasure

On you, the Doves which are my bosoms pleasure,

Nay; neither can I ever empty'd be

To you, which in God's Life are join'd to me;

For sure the more I love, the more increase

Of Love in me doth flow, which cannot cease

Their running streams of Shiloh's sweet affection,

Since Loves Flames are the Walls of my protection;

I feel your Life, and therefore must retort

On you, my love, whilst I in Life exhort.

Most dear Beloved, prize the springing Grain,

And unto such Souls be as Clouds of Rain:

And in this day let my experience preach

Unto your life, and let my Witness reach

In deeps profound, wherein you purely ought

To prize a Babe surpassing every thought;

Ah! prize a Babe, even as I prize indeed

The very least, as fruits of God's own Seed,

And that you may esteem a Lamb the better,

Chain'd in Affection by Loves Lock and Fetter;

Mark ye my Pilgrimage through craggy ways,

Since sure we all have seen such heavy days:

For loe my spirit speaks when I do stand.

To turn and look about on ev'ry hand;

I quickly see, as through an open Cleft,

A Fox approached very nigh the left;

And thence but casting this my open sight,

A ravenous Wolf appeareth at my right;

Before a Lyon, and behind a Bear;
 Which fills my soul with most exceeding fear;
 Besides, in th' ground a subtile Serpent creeping;
 And poisonous Viper, Crocodile-like, weeping;
 Aloft a Dragon soaring in the Air,
 I'm sure, enough to make all flesh despair.
 Thus I am compassed in every hour,
 Yet sav'd in God by his Almighty Power:
 And therefore I do prize a Lamb in love,
 As God's own Treasure, seal'd in Heavens above:
 Which Fruits of love, our God from all requires;
 And such sweet Streams run joynt with my desires.

And all dear Plants of God, we must be all very low and humble before our Father, and honour Him with fear & trembling, and thanksgiving, in all states and conditions, and be very single, simple and innocent in his pure Eye; and exceeding tender to one another in the Pitties wherewith he hath been merciful unto us, and covered us with his own Compassions; and take occasions in the Life of Love to speak to one another, and visit one another in the holy Bowels with the Greeting and Salutation of the holy Kifs, where the World reacheth not; for in this Spirit, we know that we are of God; and the whole World lyeth in Wickedness, which stand in the enmity to this Love, which is the manifest Power of God revealed in us, which delivereth us from all evil; for in the Love we witness the Strength which takes up and bears the Cross, to the crucifying of the *Old Man* with all his lusts and affections, whereby we receive the Testimony of the true Faith, and in it do also witness, in our own spirits, the taking up of a Life in the Heavenly Places of the immortal Joy, which nothing is able to bereave us of, having (by abundant blessed Experiences) the assured knowledge, *That the more our Adversaries wrestle to deprive us of the Blessing and Inheritance* (for the Revelation of the most exceeding Mercies of our Father to us, through the prosperity of the Life and Glory of his Power in us) *the more are we strengthened in Him*; that also by it, if happily our enemies may come to see the certainty of the Lord on our side, and thereby be converted unto the Grace of his Goodness, and saved by the incom-

prehen-

prehensible Work of his Wisdom, in the pitties of the bosome of his Mercies.

Ah my Beloved ! This is the Love indeed wherewith you are beloved of the Father, and of me his poor, needy, hungry and thirsty Servant, which opens unto you and in you the Doors of the twelve Houses of the Heavens which you know ; The first is *Judgment and Fearfulness* ; the second, *Humility and Lowliness* ; the third, *Meekness and Mercifulness* ; the fourth, *Temperance and Saviouriness* ; the fifth, *Patience and Settledness* ; the sixth, *Hope and Resolvedness* ; the seventh, *Faith and Perseverance* ; the eighth, *Peace and Quietness* ; the ninth, *Thanksgiving and Remembrance* ; the tenth, *Prayer and Watchfulness* ; the eleventh, *Glorification and Praises* ; and the twelfth, *Content and Fulness*.

Now therefore all ye Lambs of the Flock of the Shepherd's Pasture, look well into that house in which you are made inhabitants, and by the Virtue of Covenant is yours, as a proper possession, that you may see the glory of the sign thereof, which shews you the perfect signs of the Times ; yea, and look again and again, and to the Canopy of Gladness, together with the Curtains of Joyes, and Bed of Pleasures, in each of them is an immensity too vast for your aspect to reach the utmost thereof, whereby you may perceive something of the incomprehensible Renown ; (*Viz.*) What an honour of honours is it to be one (though but as the least) in the House of the Lord, wherein the World with its fulness stands intirely in subjection to a thought !

Ah ! the Dominion, yea the glorious Dominion of Love which is obtained in the Acts of his Championism ! Surely the sence of his Strength is able to catch you into Raptures, and overcome your souls in the Heavens of his Supream Authority, and through the constriction and violence of Ravishments to make you cry out with the loudest lift-up voices, saying, *Hail, O Jerusalem, and Help, O ye Inhabitants of her City, for the fierceness of Love is upon us.* Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! Love is the strongest, Love is the powerfulest even of all the Supernal Hosts ; yet my Beloved, you shall all remember in the dayes of the Floods, when the Banks of your Rivers are filled up to the brims, that then even in them dayes you shall in no wise say, *How can my Love be greater, seeing my Current runs brim-full ?* but rather contain the recordance

recordance as the Memorial of a Covenant in you, that the streams of your Rivers have the passage of their influences in the Valleys beneath the rising of the Hills, and therefore shall thirstily wait for your Floods (through the rentings open of the Fountains of the greatest Deeps) to turmount, until they have covered the Hills above you; yea processively to ascend as in the highest heaps over the loftiest Mountains of the Earth, that the Ark of Salvation may swim on tops of all, without danger of shipwrack by bulgings; and yet wait without wearisomness in the sensibleness of their Movings, until they are mounted from a stream in the Valleys, to have reached the Upper Waters which are lockt within the Windows of the Heavens, that the Ark of your Rest may safely arrive to anchor in the Haven of *Zebulon*; And so let this cast you into the bosoms of Affection, and become a Covenant of Unity in the vertue of an eternal Oath in the bottoms of the bowels of each other. And so the everlasting God of Heaven and Earth enrich you with the Treasures of the Love of his own Life, which is Incomprehensible and Infinite, and seal you in such a nearness of relation and dearness of affinity in the holy Unity in such an inward manner, as that always you may stand at the motion of a moment, prepared as ready Sacrifices to offer your lives for the Brethren; and the Crown of Immortal Glory of the Father be your recompence in his Kingdom of Life, *Amen.*

Daily are my Prayers encreased for you, in all quarters of the Earth, and the abundance of my Spirit doth often minister amongst many.

Finally, dear Lambs, Wait all to receive the Spirit of Supplication, and of Prayer; and in that same holy Spirit present me in your living breathings to the pittifull God of all our Mercies: for his eternal Eye doth well know that I am weak and poor, having no strength but from him, nor wisdom without him, but in him: And therefore again, I lay (in the importunity of a beseeching soul) pray without ceasing for your poor bruised and often oppressed Brother. And O ye holy Witnessles of the Lord our Righteousness, my pure and living Brethren and Sisters, the dear sympathized suffering Prisoners! my reins are a current and stream running forth with willingness towards you, in the tenderest compassions of God's Life of Love, which melts my bowels,

els, casting mine eye of remembrance upon you: Ah! it is your Faithfulness, yea, it is your Integrity in the Covenant of Righteousness that is the Vertue which reacheth me: at this distance, renting my soul for your sakes, to whom it is not onely given to believe, but also to suffer for the Witness of the Power of the most High: Verily your Crown must be certain on your head, and a Fountain of the Treasures of Life must assuredly compass you as an everlasting Reward of your Service. For he is infallibly just and righteous, and his Covenant is Faithfulness, *Amen*, who hath called and drawn you to glorifie him in the vertuous sanctified Life of your blessed Tryals and Tribulations: for no man can suffer for God for naught; but his Righteousness will be a Recompence unto him.

O my dearest Companions, I am most inwardly in the nearest feeling with you, and am made a true partaker of your conflicts: besides, the God of our sustentation knoweth with how many tears, sighs and groans, with numberless prayers, and holy fervent requests and spiritual desires I have remembered you, and still do supplicate that in the Faithfulness you may all be kept to the end, and continually exercised in the spirit of thanksgiving and praise to God for all things, and to dwell in the life and power of Contentation, which is a Mansion of most infinite latitude, where a perfect fulness of strength is partaked of and possessed, which gives victory over all the world.

Summarily, The sound of *New-England* Sufferers, and the fame of the *Indian Martyrs* in the Continent of *Virginia*, hath pierced to my bottoms within me: O let it be as, a Razor's edge to our desires, and as a Spur like a Spear in our sides, pricking us on in the eagerness and swiftness of our race, that we who have started and put on at first and ran in the course before them, may not in the end fall short of the Glory of their Crown, which is great in the Kingdom upon them.

So all dear Plants of God's Renown in all Quarters of the Earth, the most Mighty be alwayes on your side, and his Supremacy at your right hand, and his eternal Omnipotency save you from all evil, *Amen*.

T H E E N D.